I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Falſ. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The prince of *Wales* from
Where ſtainde Nobilitie li
And Rebels Armes triump
Iohn We breathe too lo
Our duty this way lies: F
Prin. By God, thou ha
I did not thinke thee Lord
Before I lou'd thee as a br
But now I doe reſpect thee
King I ſaw him hold Lo
With luſtier maintenance
Of ſuch an vngrowne Wa
Prin. O, this Boy lends
Dowg. Another King,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to
That weare thoſe colours
That counterfeitſt the per
Ki. The King himſelf
So many of his ſhadowes
And not the very King: I
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, a
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on
I will aſſay thee, and defen
Dowg. I feare thou art a
And yet in faith thou bear
But mine I am ſure thou a
And thus I winne thee,
They fight, the King bei
Prince. Hold vp thy he
Neuer to hold it vp again
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*,
It is the Prince of *Wales* th
Who neuer promiſeth, bu
They figh
Cheerely my Lord, how f
Sir Nicholas Gamſey hath f
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to
King. Stay, and breath

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